

Cor. Nothing.
 Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.
 Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heare
 My heart into my mouth. I loue your Maiesty
 According to my bond, no more nor lesse.
 Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
 Least you may marre your Fortunes.
 Cor. Good my Lord,
 You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
 I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
 Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
 Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say
 They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
 That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
 Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.
 Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
 Cor. I my good Lord.
 Lear. So young, and so vtender?
 Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
 Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
 For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
 The miseries of *Heccat* and the night:
 By all the operation of the O. bes,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
 Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
 Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,
 As thou my sometime Daughter.
 Kent. Good my Liege.
 Lear. Peace Kent,
 Come not betwene the Dragon and his wrath,
 I lou'd her most, and thought to let my rest
 On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
 So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
 Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirs?
 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albania*,
 With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
 Let pride, which the eais plainnesse, marry her:
 I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,
 Preheminnence, and all the large effects
 That troope with Maiesty. Our selve by Monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred Knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
 The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,
 Reuennaw Execution of the rest,
 Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coronet part betwene you.
 Kent. Royall Lear,
 Whom I haue quer honor'd as my King,
 Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
 As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.
 Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.
 Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
 The region of my heart, be Kent vnmanly,
 When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
 Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,
 When power to flattery bowes?
 To plaining the honour's bound,
 When Maiesty falls to folly, reserve thy state,
 And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
 Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
 Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
 Reuerbe no hollownesse.
 Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
 Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
 To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
 Thy safety being motiue.
 Lear. Out of my sight.
 Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
 The true blanke of thine eie.
 Lear. Now by *Apollo*,
 Lear. Now by *Apollo*, King
 Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.
 Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant.
 Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
 Kent. Kill thy Phsyition, and thy fee bestow
 Vpon the soule disease, reuoke thy guist,
 Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 Ile tell thee thou dost euill.
 Lear. Heare me recreate, on thine allegiance heare me:
 That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,
 Which we durst neuer yet; and with strai'd pride,
 To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
 Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
 Our potencie made good, take thy reward,
 Fiue dayes we do allot thee for provision,
 To shield thee from disasters of the world,
 And on the sixth to turne thy hated backe
 Vpon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,
 Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
 The moment is thy death, away. By *Inpiter*,
 This shall not be reuok'd.
 Kent. Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
 Freedome hues hence, and banishment is here;
 The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
 That iostly think't, and hast most rightly said:
 And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,
 That good effects may spring from words of loue:
 Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,
 Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and *Burgundy*, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
 Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,
 We first addresse toward you, who with this King
 Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least
 Will you require in present Dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of Loue?
 Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,
 I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
 Nor will you tender lesse?
 Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
 When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
 But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
 If ought within that little seeming substance,
 Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more may fully like your Grace,
 Shee's there, and she is yours.
 Bur. I know no answer.
 Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
 Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
 Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
 Take her or leave her.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
 Election makes not vp in such conditions.
 Le. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,
 Itell you all her wealth. For you great King,
 I would not from your loue make such a fray,
 To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
 Tauer your liking a more worthier way,
 Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
 Almost to acknowledge hers.
 Fra. This is most strange,
 That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,
 The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
 The best, the deereft, should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of fauour: sure her offence
 Must be of such vnaturall degree,
 That monsters it: Or your fore-youcht affection
 Fall into taint, which to beleue of her
 Must be a faith that reason without miracle
 Should neuer plant in me.
 Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty,
 Iflor I want that glib and oylie Art,
 To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
 Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulnessse,
 No vnchaste action or dishonoured step
 That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,
 But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
 A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
 That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.
 Lear. Better thou had'st
 Not bene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.
 Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
 Which often leaues the history vnspoke
 That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
 What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
 When it is mingled with regards, that stands
 Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
 She is herselfe a Dowrie.
 Bur. Royall King,
 Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
 And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
 Dutchesse of *Burgundie*.
 Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.
 Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,
 That you must loose a husband.
 Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
 Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,
 I shall not be his wife.
 Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
 Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
 Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,
 Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
 Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold't neglect
 My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.
 Thy dowrelesse Daughter King; throwne to my chance,
 Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
 Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,
 Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
 Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
 Thou loofest here a better where to finde.
 Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
 Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see
 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
 Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundie*. Flourish. Exeunt. *Lear*, *W*
 Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.
 Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
 And like a Sister am most loth to call
 Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
 To your professed bosomes I commit him,
 But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place,
 So farewell to you both.
 Regn. Prescribe not vs our dutie.
 Gon. Let your study
 Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
 At Fortunes aimes, you haue obedience feared,
 And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
 Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
 Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:
 Well may you prosper.
 Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. Exit *France* and *Cor*.
 Gon. Sister, it is not little I haue to say,
 Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
 I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.
 Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth
 Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-
 seruation we haue made of it hath bene little: he alwaies
 lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he
 hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.
 Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but
 slenderly knowne himselfe.
 Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but
 rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not a-
 lone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but
 therewithall the vnuly way-wardnesse, that infirme and
 cholericke yeares bring with them.
 Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from
 him, as this of *Kent*'s banishment.
 Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking be-
 twene *France* and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our
 Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,
 this last surrender of his will but offend vs.
 Reg. We shall further thinke of it.
 Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Bastard*.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
 My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
 The curiolity of Nations, to deprive me?
 For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
 Lag of a Brother? Why *Bastard*? Wherefore base?
 When my Dimensions are as well compact,
 My minde as generous, and my shape as true
 As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
 With Base? With basenes *Bastardie*? Base, Base?
 Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
 More composition, and fiercer qualitie,
 Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
 Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
 Got'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,
 Our Fathers loue, is to the *Bastard* *Edmond*,
 As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

q q 3

Well